TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

Richard Arthur

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TEN THOUSAND MILES
IN A YACHT

E. Benedict

Ten Thousand Miles in a Yacht

ROUND THE WEST INDIES AND
UP THE AMAZON

BY
RICHARD ARTHUR

INTRODUCTION BY
WILLIAM M. IVINS

NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
31 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET

1906

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DEDICATION

TO COMMODORE E. C. BENEDICT

Permit me, my dear Commodore, to inscribe to you this record of the unique and memorable voyage which your indefatigable love of the sea prompted you to conceive, and your inveterate hospitality inspired you to carry out with such munificent provision for the comfort and pleasure of your fortunate guests.

In turning over the leaves of this volume from time to time, may you, and those who accompanied you on the cruise, be impelled by some suggestion in the pictures, or in a phrase of the text here and there, to fare forth again, in imagination (and with something of the delight of the actual journey) to where you took us in the "Virginia" last winter—across the tropical, sapphire seas, along the palm-fringed, Caribbean island-coasts, and upon the broad bosom of the mighty, marvellous Amazon.

R. A.

New York, January 6th, 1906.

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INTRODUCTION

IT is a great pleasure to write a preface for Mr. Arthur's little book, which records one of the rarest incidents in the lives of several of a party of close friends, with some of whom the shadows are already beginning to grow long.

The old traveller will admit that, while there

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are other places in the world as beautiful as the islands of the Caribbean, there are, nevertheless, none more beautiful, and the man who has had a vision of Dominica and Martinique and Santa Lucia will carry with him to his grave a memory of the glory of the divine revelation in nature which will be a constant charm in hours of happiness and an endless refreshment in days of gloom.

In the cruise of the *Virginia*, these islands, however, were taken *en passant*, going and coming, and were not the objective. Moreover, they have been so frequently described, they are so well known to so many, and some of the literature concerning them is of such peculiar charm, that unless one approaches the subject with an altogether exceptional knowledge, or a very broad sympathy for place and people, as well as poetic insight and an appreciative touch in description, it were better that he should add not a word to the existing literature. But in these pages, Mr. Arthur records the circumstances of a quite unusual experience ; so that his book has

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an excellent *raison d'être*. Moreover, he has not attempted to rival former writers by going into detailed and intimate description, but has wisely confined himself to relating the incidents of the voyage and to giving rapid, impressionistic little pictures of the places touched at by the yacht.

To him who has visited the Lesser Antilles, and even more seriously to him who has not, I recommend the reading of Lafcadio Hearn's book on Martinique and the other islands. It was in this that he first showed that wonderful capacity for putting atmosphere and color into words that subsequently made his books on Japan so altogether unique. To anyone who is interested in Mr. Arthur's little story, I should say, if it stimulates you to a desire for more, turn to Lafcadio Hearn, and all who do so will, I know, thank me for the suggestion, even though they know the book already, for it may be read many times and always with more wonder than before at the rare skill of the author.

But, as I have said, these islands in our Amer-

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ican Mediterranean were taken in passage, whereas the Amazon was the object of the adventurous longing of a party, all but two of whom (who already knew it well) visited it with a yearning for the sight of El Dorado and of the yellow "Sweet Water Sea," such as was felt in England and in Spain and in Italy and in France hundreds of years ago, when the discoveries of Pinzon and Cabral and Vespucci first came within the ken of men, and when the world of culture and of progress, led thereto by Americus himself, ventured the fine guess that Brazil was the seat of Paradise and the Valley of the Amazon the very Garden of Eden.

From the day that the child first begins the study of geography and learns of the Great River, his mind is stirred by imaginings of this, one of the greatest of the world's wonders, and then, as he grows in years, there comes to him in his reading and in story strange tales from this far-away land, unlike any other, where the men and the birds and the beasts, the skies and the stars, the waters and the

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flowers and the trees, are all unlike any that he has known. Is it strange then that in childhood lads should dream of a visit to, and that old men should hope to see, before the burden of life be lifted, the country that Raleigh knew as El Dorado, that Americus claimed was the true Garden of Eden, and that Captain Mayne Reid and Jules Verne pictured as a land of romance, whose story, like Macbeth, had murdered sleep, but so differently and so delightfully?

How vividly there comes back to me now the memory of that summer day in the middle '60's, when the one object of my boyish worship, Professor C. Fred Hartt, came home from his Amazon journey and asked me to help him unpack and arrange his specimens! With what joy I gave up the first half of my vacation! Then, as a lad, I caught the yearning and fever for the Great River as Hartt had had it from Agassiz and Agassiz from Spix and Martius, almost as if it had come to me by direct descent—and it is still unsatisfied, for never yet have I been able, in all of my four visits, to do there

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what I have wanted to do and what I still want to do, and I have *saudades*, sweet longings for and memories of it, which will never be satisfied now, for the years creep on and the heart of the wilderness is no place for those who have passed the floodtide of life. As for my master, he died pursuing the charm of Brazil, as brave a mind, as true a soul, as gentle a heart as science or chivalry has known.

The *Virginia* was a bare thirty days on the Great River—long enough to realize the physical aspect of the country of the Amazonian basin, with its new and strange flora, of some, at least of the fauna, of the people and of the cities. It was long enough for a superficial glance, long enough to taste and enjoy the hospitality of the warm-hearted and open-handed Brazilians, of these people of simple taste and exquisite gentleness and sympathy, but not long enough to get into real touch with their lives, their language, their literature, their politics, their national aspirations, their customs, their folk lore or their civilization. That is only pos-

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sible to one who knows their tongue, who knows their history, who knows their literature, and who has not only lived long among them, but lived sympathetically and with an insatiable curiosity. This is the reason why we have in English no book or books through which the reader may become intimately acquainted with Brazil and the Brazilians, and, above all, with those of the Amazon Valley. The only English books of any value that we have were written by scientific men or mere curious travellers, not one of whom, so far as I am aware, knew thoroughly the tongue, the history, the literature or the people. While some of these books, like those of Bates and Wallace and Mrs. Agassiz, have real value, they are of little human interest, and I know of no greater desideratum in the way of a book than just such a volume as the very brilliant Oliveira de Lima, late Brazilian Minister to the United States, has written of our own country—which is as thorough and as fine in its way as even Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth."

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It thus happens that the casual visitor to the Amazon has no way to prepare himself for a perfectly appreciative understanding of what he is about to see, and so must come away with a memory only of that which is patent to the eye—wide open, to be sure, but, nevertheless, necessarily far from clairvoyant.

Instead of a preface I might write a book, and I am strongly tempted to do so, telling of the things Brazilian that I have come to know through residence and travel and study; but in that case I should change places with Mr. Arthur and ask him to permit me to use his sketch as a preface. Such, however, is not the design of this little volume; yet I hope one of these days to find time in a very busy life to say something concerning Brazil which may be of value and, I hope, of charm, to Northern readers.

But I may now say this to those who may hereafter visit the Great River and into whose hands this book may fall: that if they come away from it only with a knowledge of the two

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great cities of Pará and Manáos, they will leave it with no more substantial knowledge than that of the European traveller who should judge of the United States by a few days spent at the Waldorf and at the Auditorium Annex, with Niagara Falls seen in passing. The two Amazonian cities have many of the aspects of most recent modernity, although in their outskirts and suburbs may be seen some slight indications of the manner of life lived by the people of the country on the river banks, on the edges of the *igarapés*, on the little interior clearings, or in the quaint villages of only a few hundred souls, or in the heart of the forest on the *seringals*. In point of culture, habit of life, family organization and tradition, religious practice and religious legend, in the simple matter of clothing, of the organization of the home, of the table, and of the life of the day and of the night, these non-city dwellers who constitute the race are so unlike ourselves that it is doubtful even if they and we should ever be able thoroughly to understand each other.

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To begin with, the race is practically indigenous, Indian crossed by Negro and Portuguese, due to the fact that during the first two hundred years of colonial life there came few women from abroad, and the race was begotten of the crossing of European fathers with Indian or Negro mothers, and then the re-crossing of these again, until the classification of the several amalgams has come to be one of the crucial problems of the ethnologist.

The same causes which produced the race have produced the religion of the race, the polytheistic Catholicism, reaching back into primitive tradition and indigenous mythology, and so unlike our own notions as not to be recognizable by us as Christianity at all, except so far as we recognize a certain ceremonial which has been inherited from the Latin Church and which, with the peculiar phase that Brazilian Catholicism has taken on, is not now even disapproved at Rome. I said polytheism, because outside of the great cities, and even among the common people inside these cities,

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the people have no conception of a triune God. They never think in terms of one omniscient and omnipotent, supreme God, much less in terms of such a God expressed in the form of triunity. Their gods are as numerous as those of Olympus, but they are the saints; and the most childish, the most charming and always the most credulous saint worship is that of the illiterate native in this land where it is always afternoon, who is ever thoughtless of to-morrow and whose care for life is no more serious than was that of Father Adam in Paradise. It is a lazy world and an easy world, and the people—always, be it understood, outside of the great cities—live and think and worship more like children than like men.

Within the cities, life is very different. Among the rich, the modern spirit is everywhere manifest. Here the men generally, having abandoned Catholicism, have become Positivists, and the religion is left to the *frades* and the women and the poorer classes. It suffices admirably for the life of the race, because it is a

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religion of cheerfulness, not begotten of logic or contention, but corresponding very perfectly to the psychological need of the people.

Outside of the great cities, it may be said that the meaning of the word "politics" is unknown. Both States, Pará and Amazonas, enjoy a constitutional form of government, but the electorate is small, and of this small electorate only a minor part take any active interest in the matter of government, and it so happens that the policies of both States fall, by natural process, into the hands of those best equipped to understand and direct them, that is to say, a few of the leading merchants and the members of the learned professions, the lawyers and the doctors and the engineers. It is due to this fact, and to the fact that the real political masters of the country are so in advance of the ultimate constituency, that we so frequently see in the great cities evidence of an attempt to secure a civilization for which the people themselves are not yet ready. But if a fault, this is certainly one in the right and not in the wrong direction.

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The Brazilian race as a whole has come to be quite a new and distinct people in the world. It is quite as well marked as, let me say, the Spanish or the French or the Italian, and, I may even add, the English. Our people of the United States have as yet by no means been brought into such a degree of synthetic racial unity as the people of Brazil, but the Brazilians are infinitely more unlike the Portuguese, although they speak their tongue, than the people of the United States, taken as a whole, are unlike the English, for the predominant strain is Indian and Negro, while the predominant culture is Portuguese, chastened by the more primitive culture of the other races. This remark, however, has no relation to the intellectual élite of the great cities, such as Rio Janeiro, São Paulo, Bahia, Pernambuco, Pará, and Manáos, who are citizens of the world, abreast of the most modern thought.

And so Brazil possesses a literature, based upon racial tradition, but woven into shape of poem or story, wholly unlike any other litera-

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ture in Christendom, and which, to those who know it, is as beautiful as any other whatsoever, even if not as rich. It is not Portuguese, that is to say, the Portuguese of Lisbon. The Brazilian tongue, borrowing largely from Guarani, Tupi, and the Negro dialects, with the accents and the phrasing sharpened here and softened there, has grown to be as unlike the Portuguese of Portugal as the speech of the Alabama backwoodsman is unlike that of London or Edinburgh.

But one who has learned the tongue, who has sung its native strains, who has dreamt under the great trees and the blue skies, in the verse of some of the rarest of poets, who has followed the story of desperate adventure and of local chivalry, who has sat at night under the stars that seem infinitely farther away than in our northern sky, or under the Indian thatch, and heard the tales of the countryside,—to such a one there comes a feeling, once he has departed from the land of beauty and of dreams, that can be likened only to the feeling of him who

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"hears the East a-calling," calling endlessly for his return. So the South calls to the men who know it, and in our hearts there is borne an insatiable homesickness for the great Palm Land.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Wm. H. Spring". The signature is fluid and elegant, with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

NEW YORK, *January* 6th, 1906.]

THE COURSE OF THE "VIRGINIA"

THE STEAM YACHT "VIRGINIA"

THE ORIGIN OF THE VOYAGE

WHEN the stanch and graceful 200-foot steam yacht *Virginia* cut her way through the thick ice-floes that choked New York harbor on the morning of January 30th, 1905, and moored at the New York Yacht Club's Twenty-third street station, everybody who knew whither she had sailed nearly three months before, and whence she had just returned, admitted that she had made one of the most remarkable cruises ever accomplished by a yacht. She had steamed just short of ten thousand miles, had penetrated into the heart of

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

the Brazilian wilderness, and had visited eleven other lands, besides, on her way thither and thence.

This uncommon cruise had its origin in a rivalry of friendly courtesies. An eminent New York lawyer, Mr. W. M. Ivins, who has for many years been a close student of South American history, economics, and literature,

OFFICERS STEWARDS AND MASCOTTES

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PART OF THE CREW

and who also represents very important commercial interests in Brazil, was one day talking with a prominent New York financier and yachtsman, Commodore E. C. Benedict, about a trip he, Mr. Ivins, was going to make up the Amazon.

“I envy you,” said the yachtsman. “Ever since I was a boy I have had an intense desire to see that country.”

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"Come with me, then," urged the lawyer.

"By the Great Horn Spoon," replied the yachtsman, with sudden decision, "I will; but on one condition—that you allow me to come as your host. I understand the hotels in Northern Brazil are abominable, so I'll bring along a hotel that we can live in with comfort."

He explained that he would charter a yacht—his own not being quite suitable for such a voyage—and make up a party. As nearly as possible, dates and an itinerary were fixed there and then, and this was how it came about that, on the afternoon of November 15th, the *Virginia*, with a party of ten men and a lad, and a crew of thirty-three officers and men, steamed out of New York harbor and turned her bow toward the equator.

The party consisted of the genial host, Commodore E. C. Benedict, Mr. W. M. Ivins, Mr. E. M. Backus, Mr. C. Keep, Mr. L. Huntington, Mr. J. Howard Ford, Mr. Russell Colt, Mr. Charles Hastings, Dr. J. Gaines, Master M. Truesdale, and the writer of this chronicle.

THE TAIL-END OF A STORM

FOR two or three days just prior to our setting out, a violent storm had swept the West Coast of the Atlantic from the Gulf of Mexico to Labrador, and though the wind had now swung round to the North, a heavy sea was still running.

The seaworthiness of the *Virginia* was at

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once put to a fair test, and she behaved so well that we immediately gained a confidence in her that we never lost during the entire cruise. We afterwards found that though, on account of her light draft and her extensive deck houses, she had a decided predilection for rolling considerably in light seas, she always conducted herself gallantly and soberly in rough water, and never bumped or jerked, or raced her propeller.

We ran before the wind at about twelve knots, reaching the Bermudas in less than two and a half days without any incident worthy of note, except the encounter, right in our path, of a derelict lumber schooner, waterlogged and abandoned. Fortunately, we came across her just before dark. Had it been a couple of hours later, we might very well have rammed her amidships, as she lay exactly at right angles across the line of our course, and though in her condition such a ramming would not have mattered very much to her, it would have been quite an unpleasant episode for us, and would further have annoyed us, inasmuch as it would have

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given a color of truth to the absurd report, published by a New York newspaper two days after

A DERELICT

our departure, that our yacht was lost with all hands.

We crept up within a few yards of the derelict and made sure that she was abandoned. The lumber in her holds had swollen and her decks and sides had burst open. Her boats had gone,

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so her crew had evidently escaped. Shortly after, we overtook and spoke another sailing vessel, crippled by the storm and laboring along with difficulty, but able to take care of herself and make port.

THE CORAL STRAND
OF BERMUDA

THE BERMUDA ISLANDS

WE arrived off the coast of Bermuda in the night, and, as the entry to the Harbor of Hamilton is long and difficult, we anchored under the lee of the Eastern shore until daylight. We then picked up a pilot and were duly guided through the coral reefs into the pretty land-locked harbor.

We spent a couple of very pleasant days, driving and roaming about this unique and delightful little country, enjoying its natural beauties, its splendid seascapes and calm, picturesque, undulating landscapes. Only a few hours before we had been none too warm in heavy winter clothes; now we donned the lightest summer garments and revelled in the luxury of diving

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from the yacht into the clear, tepid waters of the harbor.

The Bermudas, viewed from the ocean as one approaches them, are not very impressive, and the visitor is therefore all the more delighted with the richness and variety of vegetation and scenery which, upon closer acquaintance, they reveal to him.

The islands are of coral formation, and the land is low-lying, presenting to the observer out on the ocean a flat and bare appearance. But as you pass through the shoals and into the harbor, innumerable wooded valleys and bays and hillsides covered with thick-foliaged shrubs and trees, disclose themselves, and everywhere brilliant-white little coralline houses stand out gayly from the dark green of the vegetation, making a most pleasing picture.

The largest island is nowhere more than three miles in breadth, and the highest hill is only 250 feet above the level of the sea. The ocean, or some arm of it, is therefore visible from almost every hillock, and the water is generally tossed

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into picturesque whitecaps by the strong, persistent breezes which give the sea round the islands the same reputation it must have had

BERMUDAN COTTAGES

among mariners when Shakespeare alluded to "the still-vex'd Bermoothes."

But it is the sea that is vexed, not the islands themselves. They, indeed, are as dreamy-peaceful as weary brain and nerves could wish. Just a century ago, the Irish poet Tom Moore, who resided here during the year 1804, wrote a poem to express his delight with this little isolated

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land. Some of his lines will serve to express our feelings on landing there quite as well as they did his:—

“ When the zephyrs bland
Floated our bark to this enchanted land—
These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown,
Like studs of emerald o’er a silver zone,—
Not all the charm that ethnic fancy gave
To blessed arbors o’er the western wave,
Could make a dream more soothing or sublime.”

The group of islands composing the Bermudas is twenty-five miles in length, and consists of one hundred islands, besides a considerable number of islets, many of which are submerged at high tide. The main islands are all connected by bridges.

Science has not yet been able definitely to determine what the geological formation is which constitutes the basis of the coral superstructure of the Bermudas ; but the isolation of the islands in the wastes of the North Atlantic Ocean suggests the idea of mountain peaks, the relic of some prehistoric continent, peaks which, though submerged, were yet near enough to the surface

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to enable the little coral insects to build their wonderwork upon them. The peaks, it is supposed, were then forced out of the water by some upheaval, then again submerged, when fresh

CORAL REEFS, BERMUDA

layers of coral were built over the decomposed strata of former constructions.

The Bermudas used to be a great fruit-producing country, but of late years fruit has been neglected, and the soil has been mainly given up to the raising of potatoes, onions, tomatoes and Easter lilies. "The land of the lily and the

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rose" is also a land of innumerable other flowers. The passion-flower, the violet, the narcissus, the Bourgainvillia creeper, the wistaria, the geranium, the heliotrope and the verbena spring up everywhere, and the morning glory and many other flowers bloom all the year round.

This little country has a population of about 18,000, of which number only 6,500 are Whites.

Our visit, we were told, was too early to enable us to see the country at its best and gayest, the social season not having begun, and the vegetation not being in its most attractive condition. There is little difference here, however, between summer and winter. Though only forty-eight hours' sail from New York, the islands really enjoy a perpetual summer. Thanks to the influence of the Gulf Stream, the climate is continually sub-tropical, and yet the temperature is rarely high enough to be oppressive. The thermometer does not go above 86, and the nights are cool and breezy. The air is pure and suave, and malaria is unknown.

The Bermudan houses are of simple but pic-

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turesque construction. They are dry and comfortable, being built of white coralline stone which is cut from quarries with saws, and they are whitewashed, roofs and all. Surrounded as

ST. GEORGE'S, BERMUDA

they mostly are by the evergreen foliage of numerous species of small palms, by the ubiquitous cedar, and by flowers and ornamental shrubs of rich foliage, they present a cool and very inviting appearance. A group of the best of

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A TYPICAL BERMUDAN VILLA

them, seen from a distance, suggests the idea of so many little white temples built to the honor and glory of some benignant Diana, some white-stoled Goddess of Purity and Health.

After spending two days in this lotos-land, this country "where it seemed always afternoon," we were piloted out to sea and proceeded on our way South, carrying with us memories of a thin line of island-coast, of water breaking white upon coral reefs, of wood-fringed interior

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bays, of wholesome-looking little plantations situated in pleasant, shallow vales, and of snow-

ROYAL PALMS, BERMUDA

white bungalows and villas grouped on low hills or nestling singly amid the greenness of thick foliage and the gay, many-colored blooms of innumerable shrubs and trees and creepers.

THE LESSER ANTILLES

TWO-AND-A-HALF days of pleasant uneventful sailing brought us in sight of the first of the Lesser Antilles, the bare little island of Sombrero, and soon after we saw the first of the Leeward group, Anguilla. Then we passed in rapid succession, and got glimpses of, the islands of St. Martin, St. Bartholomew, St. Eustatius, Barbuda, St. Christopher, Nevis, Antigua, Montserrat, Guadeloupe, and Maria Galante.

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DOMINICA

Then we came to Dominica and sailed along its lee shore until we reached Roseau, the little capital, which is situated about half way down the Western coast.

In respect of natural scenery, Dominica is the

ROSEAU, DOMINICA

most beautiful of the Lesser Antilles. From our anchorage a couple of hundred yards off the shore of Roseau, while we were awaiting the fulfilment of harbor formalities before landing, we gazed with wonder and delight—even those of us who had seen this or similar tropical beauty

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and grandeur before—at the clear, sapphire-blue water lapping lazily on the palm-fringed shore, the dense, dark-green and light-green foliage of the near slopes, the darker density of the forest on the acclivitous sharp-ridged mountains beyond, and the fine, clear-cut, culminating peaks, each capped with a little, separate, fleecy cloud.

Bermuda had pleased us with its verdure and its sunny atmosphere; but we now recognized that Bermuda was not tropical, that its beauty was tame in comparison with this grandeur and rank tropical growth, and that its light was dull when compared with the intense luminosity of this ethereal atmosphere.

We were all impatient to get ashore and make intimate acquaintance with these scenes, which so fascinated us at a distance. But we lingered awhile to watch the numerous young negroes, who had come alongside the yacht, sporting in the water like amphibians and diving for the coins which we threw to them.

“God made the country,” it has been said, “and man made the town.” Here in Dominica,

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man's part of the work, that of town-making, does not amount to very much. As a town, Roseau is about as primitive a place as one could find on the highways or byways of the Western seas. To the observer out in the harbor, it presents a low, stone bulwark and a line of yellow-white, plaster buildings of unequal height, plain and unprepossessing. These are the stores and native business houses. Further inland one catches a glimpse of diminutive lath-houses, thatched with palm-leaves. At one end of the town, on a slight eminence, are half seen, half divined, several buildings of more attractive appearance, well-made white villas and bungalows, with charming gardens and a profusion of shrubs, palms, and creepers. These are the Governor's residence and the official buildings.

On landing, we found the town a great deal more extensive than it had seemed from the harbor, from which view-point the greater part of it is hidden by some elevated ground and by the trees and shrubs which fill every vacant space. Walking in these narrow little streets

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of soil, a visitor from a big city, particularly one from a city of skyscrapers, experiences a strange sensation—that of having dropped, like Gulliver, into a land of pigmies, or of some sort of supe-

STREET SCENE, ROSEAU, DOMINICA

rior animal which knows how to build its own kennel—so small and so primitive are these flimsy, lath-built, leaf-thatched, windowless habitations.

But if the houses are the houses of pigmies,

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the inhabitants are strong, well-built people. There are 28,000 on the island, and some 8,000 in the town of Roseau. Almost the entire population is of Negro race, there being only a few hundred Whites—English settlers, who live mostly on their plantations up on the rich-soiled plateau or on the hillsides of the interior.

Dominica is a British colony, and its affairs are administered with the usual efficiency of British Colonial government. But somehow it has not advanced and developed, as most other British colonies have done, in proportion to its possibilities. Nature has endowed few countries with more fertility, but beyond the production of limes and a small amount of cacao and sugar, man has here done hardly anything to turn the richness of the soil to his use and profit. Yet the climate is healthy, and on the plateau and hills it is even delightful and exhilarating. The great drawback to cultivation is the difficulty of securing reliable and continuous labor. The native Negroes, who constitute nearly the entire population, are not under the necessity of doing much

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

work. There are plenty of fish in the sea near their abodes, and natural fruits and foods to their liking grow everywhere in abundance. The climate is such that they require little in the way

A MOUNTAIN LAKE, DOMINICA

of clothing and housing, and they have no ambition towards a different sort of existence. So why should they work? But if an enterprising man, in search of fresh fields and pastures new, could solve the labor problem of the island, here is a soil for his tilling that would yield tenfold, twentyfold, yea, a hundredfold.

IN THE FOREST, DOMINICA

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The Negroes speak a curious lingo, a sort of French *patois*, originally picked up from the French settlers in the Antilles. They have softened the consonants, clipped the original words often beyond recognition, and done away with inflections and such grammatical frills and flourishes. But the young generation have all had two or three years' schooling, and speak English fairly well, besides their own lingo.

The most striking feature of the town of Roseau is its Botanical Garden, an extensive park-like enclosure which would do honor to any country anywhere in the world. It is kept in perfect condition and contains fine specimens of tropical shrubs and trees not only from the countries of the Western Hemisphere, but from the Orient as well. We were curious to know why such a fine and apparently expensive garden had been established and how it was kept up in such a poor town as Roseau, and we learnt that it had been largely developed by exchanges with and through the famous gardens at Kew, London, and that it is entirely self-supporting,

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as it provides improved plants and seeds to cultivators in Dominica and other islands.

Among the many pleasurable sensations experienced by us in Dominica, there were two at

ON THE HILLSIDE, DOMINICA

least which I, for my part, shall long remember. One was purely physical, the other mental; the first was the joy of diving from the yacht and swimming in tepid water that looked like a sea of liquid sapphire; the second was the quiet

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emotion of watching the approach of night over the island. The sun sank, a crimson globe, into the indigo sea, and, disappearing, threw up a flush of delicate orange and violet along the Western horizon and a faint pink glow to the arch of the firmament. The hills of Dominica on our east, but a few moments before luminously verdant, darkened to a sombre green, then to a vague black from which the green had vanished. And now a profound peace and a brooding melancholy fell upon the land from shore to peak. The glow of the atmosphere went out; stars began to twinkle here and there in the heavens; the sea became dim and shadowy. Now the hills grew into an obscure, slumbering mass. Far up the mountain side gleamed one lone light. Here and there a lamp flickered in the town. The tropic day was done.

Dominica is 30 miles long and has an average width of 12 miles. Its area is 290 square miles. The majestic mountain Morne Diablotin rises to a height of 5,314 feet, and is the most elevated peak in the Lesser Antilles.

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

On leaving Roseau we proceeded South along the shore of Dominica and got a fine panoramic view of the rest of the Western slope of this beautiful island.

THE DEVASTATED HILLS OF MARTINIQUE

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

MARTINIQUE

Then followed a couple of hours of open sea and we reached the northern extremity of Martinique, a few miles from which Mont Pelée is situated.

Almost immediately the effects of the great upheaval of May 8th, 1902, were manifest to us. The northward-facing slope of the island is green and forest-clad, like Dominica, which we had just left. But immediately beyond begins the devastation and the desolation.

And *what* a devastation, *what* a desolation! All the northern part of the island slopes up, first gradually from the sea, then steeply and more steeply to the peak of Mont Pelée, which attains a height of about 5,000 feet. And all this sloping country (except here and there a northward-facing valley)—thousands of acres in extent—is stripped of its once gorgeous jungle, left as bare of vegetation as a cliff of rock, and covered to a depth of many feet with mud and

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

dust from the exploded volcano. Along the shore the sea has cut a sharp line, and the depth of the deposit can be plainly seen. Looking at this, one cannot but marvel at the amount of mud and dust and scoria—millions of tons—that must have issued from the crater of the volcano on the day of the eruption. When we were at Barbados a day or two later, we were told that two inches of dust had fallen on that island on the day of the eruption—and Barbados is some 150 miles distant from Mont Pelée.

Three years ago Martinique was as densely wooded as Dominica or Santa Lucia. Many writers—among them the late Lafcadio Hearn in his admirable “Two Years in the French West Indies”—have applied their most subtle literary powers to its description, and found the resources of their language and art all too meagre to enable them adequately to render the forest which clothed the slope from the sea to the summit of Mont Pelée and the range which extends along the island. Now for many miles, as I have said, the land is stripped bare

THE RUINS OF ST. PIERRE AND MONT PELEE

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

of vegetation. Thousands of acres are absolutely nude, not so much as a blade of grass showing anywhere on them. But some miles away from the peak the land is beginning to vest itself in green again, particularly in the ravines and valleys. The site of St. Pierre, the once gay and busy city, whose 30,000 souls perished in a few minutes, is as sad a scene to look upon as one could well imagine. A large area of the town is completely wiped out; on it there is nothing to indicate that habitations of men ever stood there. Along the harbor front, where the business houses and finer edifices were situated, there is now only a conglomeration of stumps of houses, so to speak, and the whole place suggests a vast ruined cemetery of some race of Titans, with giant tombstones broken, jagged and jumbled. Of the wharves and harbor bulwarks there is hardly a trace left, and the streets are entirely obliterated, buried ten or twelve feet deep in dry mud and dust.

Truly this is a sight to inspire the observer with awe and wonder and pity. The heart sinks and

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

the throat tightens as the eye wanders over these charred and blasted remains and the imagination dwells on the simultaneous death agonies of the 30,000 men, women and children as they drew into their lungs the asphyxiating gases from the volcano and felt the fury-flood rise round them on that fearful May morning when the mountain belched forth its fiery vomit.

We did not land at the ruined city until next day, as we were obliged to go to Fort de France to get a permit.

Early next morning, we steamed back to St. Pierre and went ashore, spending a couple of hours wandering among the ruins. We picked up many an interesting souvenir and acquired others from the young Negroes who come here from the surrounding country to rummage for treasures. Skulls and parts of skeletons were found in abundance. On getting back to the yacht, those of us who had done the most poking and digging were so dust-begrimed that we were constrained to doff our clothes and plunge

RUINS, ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE

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overboard into the clear blue waters of the harbor.

The crater of Mont Pelée still sends forth a thin fume, but the steeple of the peak is almost

FORT DE FRANCE, MARTINIQUE

always wreathed in a small clinging cloud, which hides it from view.

Two or three miles away from the ruined town a few huts of fishermen may be seen, and one intrepid planter has raised a field of sugarcane on an eminence near the ruins. For the

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rest, there is no cultivation or dwelling within several miles. Fort de France, however, eleven or twelve miles to the South, is still densely populated and seems active and fairly prosperous.

MARTINIQUE TYPES

SANTA LUCIA

About midday we left the ruins of St. Pierre and turned south again, passing Fort de France without re-entering. After traversing another stretch of open sea, we came to the beautiful island of Santa Lucia, and, steaming along its eastern shore, we had another superb panoramic view—as at Dominica—of sharp-ridged, majestic mountains rising gradually from the sea-line, then steeply and more steeply, to culminating

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

peaks ; of shady valleys with little settlements peeping out of palm-groves near the shore ; of a plantation here and there on the hillside ; and, everywhere else, of the dense, dark-green tropical forest. The sea was incredibly clear and blue, and sea and land alike were bathed in an indescribable luminosity. Santa Lucia has some beautiful bays which would make splendid harbors, were they needed. Castries is a fine port and seems to serve all present requirements. The island is very fertile, but, like Dominica, it is in a backward state, for the same reasons and for the additional one, it is said, that the *fer de lance*, a deadly little snake, is an active denizen of the forest of this island.

As we were nearing the southern end of Santa Lucia something went wrong with our steering gear and we were obliged to lie to for an hour. Very fortunately, this happened just as we came to the Pitons, the two famous cone-shaped peaks which rise sheer from the sea to a height of respectively 2,715 and 2,500 feet, and we had the good luck of seeing them with the

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

color-glory of the setting sun upon their precipitous flanks.

Santa Lucia looks like a paradise, and we were sorry indeed to leave it in our wake without having set foot upon it.

COAST-LINE, BARBADOS

BARBADOS

The next morning, November 26th, we awoke in the harbor of Bridgetown, Barbados. Here we spent three days, coaling, provisioning, shopping, and exploring the town and its environs.

Scenically, Barbados is not nearly so interesting and attractive as the islands we had just visited. It is supposed to be partly of volcanic but mainly of coral formation. It is comparatively flat and bare, though there are fine hills and woods in the interior, and plenty of palms and other trees and shrubs in patches, and an

IN THE WOODS OF THE INTERIOR, BARBADOS

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

abundance of flowers even in and around Bridgetown.

Commercially and agriculturally, Barbados is

THE WHARF, BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS

by far the most important of the Lesser Antilles. It is a great shipping centre and has an enormous output of sugar, a great part of the island being given up to the cultivation of sugar-cane.

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Bridgetown is a clean, well-kept city. The houses in the business quarter are mostly one or two story structures built of coral rock, plaster and red tiles. They are low and plain and have no architectural pretentions. The streets are very narrow, but the blue-white pulverized coral-rock of which they are made gives them a very clean appearance. The public buildings are imposing and the residential locality of the well-to-do Whites—Bellerville—with its long avenue of cabbage-palms, its handsome villas,

and pretty private gardens, is as attractive a sight as one could see in any city. A drive along one of the numerous roads leading out of the town, or a short journey in a mule-tram, is sure to furnish entertain-

BARBADOS TYPES—I

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

ment. It is Negroes, Negroes everywhere; the island seems overrun with them. They are a sturdy but not very prepossessing branch of the race. But there is one graceful feature about them—the women carry their burdens on a wooden tray on their heads, and this gives them a fine carriage. Along every country road near Bridgetown, hundreds of bare-

footed, white-robed girls and young women are to be seen carrying wares and food—often a weighty burden—to or from the market, and the sight is a pleasing one.

We spent a Saturday evening in Barbados, and shall not soon forget the scene in the streets. Thousands, it seemed to us, of barefooted Negro girls and women sauntered about

BARBADOS TYPES—II

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

the narrow streets, buying and selling at the spacious market or at the little dingy lamp-lit shops. They jostled each other and the stray visitor good-naturedly, laughed and skipped,

THE MAIN STREET, BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS

and jabbered and flirted with the dusky young men, and sang snatches of melodies. Then, at an early hour, the lights began to go out, the swarm of hags and maidens dwindled and disappeared, and we suddenly found ourselves almost the sole occupants of the streets, excepting a

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horde of Negro watermen who waited near the wharves to pounce upon us and fight among themselves for the privilege and perquisites of rowing us out to the yacht.

After that night, it was easy for the statisticians to convince us that Barbados is the most densely populated country in the world. It has a

population of 1,200 to the square mile; of its 200,000 souls only 15,000 are Whites; 50,000 are of mixed race, and 135,000 are Negroes.

The Whites are the governing race, and most of the wealth and business and enterprise is in their hands. Their numerical proportion is continually decreasing, and it is to be apprehended that Barbados may one day be the scene of calamitous race troubles. Meanwhile, to the outsider at least, peace and order seem to prevail,

STREET SCENE, BRIDGETOWN,
BARBADOS

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though plots and revolt are not unknown. The British Colonial Government is certainly to be congratulated on the efficiency it has shown in

NATIVE DWELLINGS, BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS

dealing with these difficult conditions and this refractory human material.

The agricultural and commercial prosperity of Barbados is largely due to the fact that here the Negro is obliged to do a certain amount of work

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A SUGAR-CANE FIELD, BARBADOS

or starve, for there is no land on which he can "squat."

Barbados has the reputation of being salubrious, and the White inhabitants seem fairly active and energetic. But the temperature, though not oppressive, is continually high, and, Anglo-Saxons, after a short residence, particularly Anglo-Saxon women, acquire a pasty complexion,

BARBADOS TYPES—III

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which would seem to indicate an impoverishment of the blood and a general devitalization. After visiting many tropical and sub-tropical lands, I am convinced that a continual high temperature is not conducive to the full development or the maintenance of the well-being of the Anglo-Saxon—who has been prepared, through his ancestry, for other conditions—and that, like continual cold, it is almost inevitably fatal to feminine freshness and beauty.

THE "VIRGINIA" AT BARBADOS—CLEANING SHIP

DOWN TO THE EQUATOR

WE left Barbados just before sunset on November 28th, and after a five days' run through stiff south-east trade winds and a rolling, white-capped sea, sufficiently boisterous to keep the yacht dancing all the time, we reached the mouth of the great "Inland Sea," the "King of Rivers," the "Mediterranean of South America"—as the Amazon has been variously called.

The only events worthy of particular mention during these five days were the fine sunsets, and they were, indeed, events. Two, at least, of our party, and generally more, whatever we happened to be doing at the time, would give up half-an-hour to the contemplation of these gorgeous solar displays. O for a collection of those five master-paintings of Nature! Yet a painter who should depict on canvas such sunsets as those would be looked upon as a fantastic perverter of reality, color-drunk and visually mad.

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They were not at all alike in their composition and general scheme, though the colors represented each evening were much the same. I will not attempt to describe these magnificent sights, and will only mention that the colors were remarkable for the fact that there were none of the ordinary tones in them. Every color was an exceedingly delicate ethereal half-tone. There were no full reds or blues or yellows, but orange and gold-reds, lemon and topaz-yellows, turquoise blues, lilac-violets, and the green that one sees in the gleams of certain opals, while the arch of the sky overhead would be flushed with a faint coral-pink.

A MONTH ON THE AMAZON

THE MOUTH OF THE GREAT RIVER

WE crossed the equator at sunrise on December 3d, and, two or three hours later, sighted a low line of land, the coast of Northern Brazil. For the past couple of days, we had kept well east of the South American shore to avoid the strong northward-setting current. But such is the force of the easterly current along the equator, caused, it is believed, by the sweep of the Amazon into the ocean, that we had been carried in a few hours seventeen miles still fur-

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

ther eastward, although we were at the time over fifty miles from the land. Even at this distance from the mouth of the river, the natural sapphire blue of the tropical ocean is discolored

ON THE LOWER AMAZON

to a dark olive-green by the yellow waters of the mighty stream, and it is said that this discoloration is observed as far out to sea as two hundred miles. These facts gave us our first sense of the marvellous volume and force of the Amazon.

HIGH-RIVER SEASON ON THE LOWER AMAZON

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

Some seventy miles from Pará, we came across a pilot boat and took a Brazilian pilot aboard. Soon after, we were told that we were now on

PILOT BOAT AND CUTTER—MOUTH
OF THE AMAZON

the Amazon: but there was nothing visible to indicate the fact, except the increasing yellowness of the water; for we had lost sight of the land again, and to all appearances were out on the open sea. And no wonder we failed to discern the banks, for the river is estimated to be

about two hundred and fifty miles across at its mouth. The estuary contains hundreds of islands, among them the great island of Marajó, which is over two hundred miles long, and over one hundred and eighty broad, that is to say, con-

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

siderably larger than Switzerland, or more than twice the size of Massachusetts. Marajó divides the river at its mouth into two main outlets, of which the southern is called the Pará River. This we entered and we found it to be in itself so wide that only one of its banks could be seen. This branch, too, contains scores of islands, some of them big enough to look like the mainland.

As we steamed along, large fish leaped out of the water about our bows, and we got our first

THE RIVER-FRONT, PARÁ

A PARÁ AVENUE

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

view of things which, of absorbing interest that day, afterward became commonplace and wearisome by reason of their continual reiteration—floating islands and patches of shrubs and rank grass, tree trunks and other débris. And here begins the scenery of the river, scenery which

CRAFT OF THE LOWER AMAZON, AT PARÁ

is more or less typical of hundreds of miles of the Amazon Valley; for there is little change on the Lower Amazon, and not very much on the whole length of the river, except in the

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

THE MODERN SECTION, PARÁ

grouping of the details, the contours of the stream and its islands, and the width of the vistas—a broad expanse of yellow, muddy water, low lying mainland or islands covered with dense jungle growing right down into the water, a wall of dark green matted foliage in which palms of many varieties are abundant, a tangle of shrubs and creepers, with rank grass and reeds among the tree trunks; and beyond this wall of forest nothing visible but the sky, the

A BUSINESS CENTRE, PARÁ

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

land being only a few feet out of the water and seldom rising above or falling below one general level.

THE CITY OF PARÁ

We came within sight of Pará at sunset, and anchored for the night some eight miles off, going up to the city at daybreak next morning. Those of us who had not been on the Amazon before were surprised to find Pará such an extensive and important place. Hundreds of ves-

A TYPICAL PARÁ DWELLING

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

sels—ocean liners, men-of-war, river steamers, launches, tugs, lighters, and small sailing craft of picturesque appearance—lay in the harbor, telling a tale of much traffic and many cargoes. Pará is a curious mixture of beauty and ugliness, in which respect, of course, it does not differ from most other cities. The river front is occupied by *trapiches*—landing jetties and storage sheds—and the first street behind these is the commercial street of the port, containing the offices and storehouses of the importers, rubber merchants, brokers, and shipping companies. Beyond, the city extends in narrow streets to the section of retail trade, where cheap imported articles are sold at amazingly high prices. Here one may board a mule tram-car and emerge into a broad avenue leading to the modern section of the city, where handsome residences and fine public buildings and squares planted with tropical trees greet the eye. In this vicinity is the Botanical and Zoological Garden, which contains a most interesting collection of living specimens of Amazonian birds,

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

beasts, reptiles, plants, and trees. Off the main thoroughfares, in little tile and plaster houses, often windowless, dwells the mass of the popu-

OUTSKIRTS OF PARÁ

lation, while on the outskirts of the town, near the primitive forest, in huts of lath and mud thatched with palm leaves, lives the poorer class of indolent dark-skinned people.

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

The population of Pará is estimated at about one hundred and thirty thousand, and an astonishing mixture of races composes it. There are a few hundred Europeans—English, Germans, and Portuguese mostly—engaged in shipping, banking, importing, and the buying and exportation of cacao and rubber. The rest of the population are Brazilians, Negroes, Indians, and all possible blends of these three.

IN THE OLD SECTION, PARÁ

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

Pará being just under the equator, we were prepared to find it intolerably hot. Hot it is, but not intolerably. The perpetual trade wind that blows in from the Atlantic and across a great part of the continent fills the air with moisture, but keeps down the temperature. In the Lower Amazon the thermometer ranges about 87 degrees in the shade in the daytime all the year round, and falls several degrees at night. At Manáos, one thousand miles up the river, as we found later, the average temperature is from six to eight degrees higher. On our return from Manáos, an official inquired of the Commodore the difference between the temperature of Manáos and that of Pará. "It is about eight degrees warmer at Manáos," was

A NORTH BRAZILIAN CHURCH

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

TYPES OF NORTH BRAZILIAN
BEAUTY—I

the reply, at which the face of the official assumed a blank expression. The uniformity of temperature at the equator renders a thermometer of little use, and the significance of degrees is not well understood. But the face of the official lighted up with understanding when

the Commodore added—"At Manáos I used to wilt six collars a day; here in Pará I don't need more than three a day."

Everywhere in the Amazon valley the humidity of the air is very great. The least exertion produces profuse perspiration. Yet the heat is not oppressive or overpowering, and one never hears of a case of sunstroke. We were fortunate, however, in that the *Virginia* always lay

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

well out in the stream when at anchor, and we got the full benefit of such breezes as might be stirring. Our fine awnings and many electric fans, too, kept down the temperature on the yacht considerably. Our recollections of the Amazon would doubtless be much less pleasant had we been obliged to eat and sleep ashore.

We remained five days at Pará and learned much about the people and their life. We were most hospitably received and entertained by the Governor and other prominent citizens, and the press chronicled our doings minutely from day to day and showed us every courtesy. We here saw being brought in and handled large quantities of crude rubber,

TYPES OF NORTH BRAZILIAN
BEAUTY—II

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

a product which is the material basis of practically the whole human life of the Amazon Valley. Without it, it is safe to say, the millions of acres drained by the great stream and its tributaries would to-day be uninhabited, except by an occasional tribe of redmen. But more of rubber anon.

THE MUNICIPAL PARK, PARÁ

OFF TO VISIT THE GOVERNOR
(Silk hats and 127° in the sun)

A THOUSAND MILE JOURNEY UPSTREAM

Taking two pilots aboard on the evening of December 8th, we weighed the two anchors we had been obliged to use on account of the current, and started on our long inland cruise. The Amazon pilots never use chart or compass, and it was a marvel to us how they find their way among the labyrinthine channels and innumerable islands and shoals, especially at night—for we travelled night and day. Yet most of them

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

know the banks and shoals and currents for more than two thousand miles.

We awoke the next morning in the Narrows, some eighty-five miles of channels through scores

AMAZON PILOTS AND OUR FIRST OFFICER

of islands, large and small. The breadth of these channels varies from eighty or ninety yards to half a mile or more. The banks of the islands are very low, so low that the soil is rarely seen; the dense forest growth pushes right down into the river, forming a wall through which it

IN "THE NARROWS," LOWER AMAZON

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

would be difficult to effect a landing without bill-hooks and axes. Here the forest is perhaps more gorgeous and luxuriant than anywhere else on the river. The trees are of considerable height and girth, closely set together, densely leafed, and of great variety. Palms of many kinds are conspicuous everywhere, and rich-tinted orchids and other forest flowers stand out gayly from the dark and the luminous greens of the heavy foliage. There are no hills, and the traveller's view is stopped short at the wall of forest. Here and there is a clearing of a few square yards, and on it, set upon thin piles, stands the most primitive sort of palm-leaf hut, the rude dwelling of a seringueiro, or rubber-gatherer. These lovers of the simple life are mostly Negro-Indians and Negro-Indian-Brazilians. As we steamed along, the women, and often the men—who seemed to be at home for the day with nothing to do—would gaze at us languidly, without stirring from their squatting or leaning positions, too lazy or dull to lift a hand in answer to our salutations, though their

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

numerous naked children, with more energy, curiosity and good will, would run out to the end of their tottering canoe-jetty, reply to our

THE "VIRGINIA" IN "THE NARROWS"

greetings, and wonderingly watch our (to them) strange white craft disappear up the river.

The following morning at daybreak we found we had emerged from the labyrinth of islands into the full, broad stream. Now we hugged

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

one shore, now the other, darting across the river every hour or two to avoid the strong current. Here the river varies in width from three to seven or eight miles, but its broad expanse is more often than not still shut off from view

WARPING UP STREAM

by large islands, some of them many miles long. This phenomenon continues all the way up the river; there are islands everywhere and in every stage of being, from those just beginning to form and grow shrubs and trees to those whose last vestiges are just being swept away by the

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

current. But when you come to a stretch of open river you have the sensation of sailing on a broad sound, like Long Island Sound, and looking up one of the big tributaries where it

AN ISLAND ON ITS LAST LEGS

flows into the main stream is like looking into a big bay or gulf.

Three or four hundred miles up, the land begins to rise a little higher out of the water, and except in the high-river season, assumes the appearance of regular banks—though even here these are only a few feet high—and the huts are built on the soil instead of on piles in the swamps, as they are lower down. As you

CHART OF PART OF THE LOWER AMAZON
Showing the numerous channels, lakes and igarapés

A RIVER STEAMER AMONG THE ISLANDS

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

ascend the river, the land rises very gradually a few feet higher still; the forest becomes less dense and luxuriant, and the country looks more habitable. Cacao plantations begin to appear, recurring at intervals all the way up to Manáos,

AN AMAZONIAN VILLAGE

and here and there a courageous pioneer has cleared a patch of land, made a homestead, and raises a few head of cattle. A line of low hills now varies the scene, and presently a range of mountains, with a peak nearly a thousand feet

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

high, appears on the northern mainland, a refreshing sight in this flat wilderness of forest and water. Then come some red clay cliffs and a picturesque tier of hills on the southern bank. About four hundred miles from Pará is the town

A RANCH ON A TRIBUTARY OF THE AMAZON

of Santarém, situated on a terrace, with hills behind it and a broad white beach before. It lies a little way up the Tapajós tributary, whose waters are comparatively clean and clear. The town has a population of more than five thousand, mostly dark-skinned people, and has a

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

considerable trade in cattle and cacao. One hundred and twenty miles further up is Obidos, a smaller town, also a centre for the shipment of cacao. At this point the whole expanse of the Amazon is contracted into a channel one and a quarter miles wide. Here the depth of water is 350 feet [the greatest depth of the river is said to be about 975 feet]. But the stream immediately broadens out again. There are two or three other small towns and villages between Pará and Manáos, but they, as well as the

THE BEACH, SANTARÉM

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

larger towns just referred to, are very primitive places, inhabited mainly by people of mixed breed.

As the traveller stands on the deck of his

A TRADING STATION

boat, say somewhere just above Obidos, and gazes upon the river and along the wall of forest—now but a few yards away, now dim and shadowy in the distance—he is impressed, through his physical eye alone, with the immensity of this waste of waters and this wilder-

FOREST NEAR THE RIVER

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

ness of low, jungle-covered deposit of earth (for that is what most of the land is, a mere deposit). But to get a full sense of the vastness, he must let his mental vision wander further and wider, first east and west over a line 3,000 miles long, up and down the main river, then up each of the great tributaries, and then north and south over a tract of some other hundreds of miles, across the Amazon Valley—the tract traversed by the Amazon itself, a plain abounding in lakes, swamps, canals and islands. The area of the water surface alone, in the Amazon Valley, including the valleys of the tributaries, cannot be less than 25,000 square miles. The average depth of the main river being about 200 feet, and the current sweeping down at the rate of from two to three miles an hour, the mind of the observer is paralyzed when it endeavors to conceive the volume of water which is thus emptied annually into the sea from this valley.

Above Santarém, as I have said, the land lies higher out of the water. The forest near the river is less dense: it is not the same impene-

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

trable wall of jungle as lower down: you can see into it a little way. The character of the trees and shrubs is less riotously wild and luxuriant, and palms are not nearly so plentiful.

A THOUSAND MILES FROM THE SEA

But there is still an abundance and great variety of aboreal and floral beauty.

Early on the morning of the fourth day after our departure from Pará we came to the confluence of the Rio Negro and the Amazon. The latter here makes a sharp bend to the south, and the Negro, flowing straight into the course of the Amazon, at first appears to be the main stream. But there is no mistaking long

THE VICTORIA REGIA OF THE AMAZON LAGOONS

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

which is the great river and which the tributary, for the thick yellow waters of the Amazon are seen to sweep the black-coffee-colored waters of the Negro right over to the northern bank, and when the two streams at length intermingle, the black Negro does not at all modify the color of the yellow Amazon.

A CITY IN THE WILDERNESS

The city of Manáos is situated six or seven miles up the Rio Negro, on elevated land. During the high-river season of the Amazon, however, in June, the waters of the Rio Negro are backed up for many miles, so that the river-level at Manáos is some fifty feet higher than it is in December, and the site then appears much lower.

A noted phenomenon of the Amazon system is that the high-river season does not occur at the same time in the main stream and the tributaries, owing to the fact that they are fed from widely separated sources. The higher reaches

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

of the Amazon receive the melted snow from the Andes. Most of the other streams are swelled by rainfall.

Those of us who had not visited Manáos be-

A BY-WAY NEAR MANÁOS

fore were astonished, after traversing nearly a thousand miles of wilderness, to find such a well-built and imposing city—more astonished than we had been at Pará. We were first of all struck by the great number of large trading vessels,

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

some of them ocean steamers from Europe, that lay in the harbor; and when we went ashore we were amazed to see broad avenues and well-paved streets, a cathedral, a splendid opera

THE MAIN AVENUE, MANAÓS

house, fine public buildings and residences, electric cars, electric lamps, pretentious stores, restaurants and cafes, parks, a merry-go-round, and other appurtenances of a thoroughly modern town. "Manaos," said our young Yale wit, in

THE MARKET, MANAOS

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

describing the town, "is known as the Paris of the Amazon—by those who haven't been there." But the term might be used, appropriately enough, by those who have been there; for the makers of Manáos seem in many things to have taken Paris for their model, and have given the place a sort of Parisian air.

The visitor, however, is soon reminded that he is still in the backwoods. If he gets thirsty—as he is liable to do with the temperature at about 95 in the shade and 125 or 130 in the sun—and sits down at one of the cafe tables on the sidewalk to take a drink, he has to produce something like the equivalent of a dollar for his beverage; and, while sitting there, he will see go by many men and women of dark and mixed breed, and but few of pure white race; and if he jumps on a car and rides out of town a little way, he will find that the simple life has not been altogether abandoned here. Indeed, he need not go out of the main avenue to see well-grown children whose limbs are untrammelled by any stitch of clothing, and probably one-half

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

of the fifty thousand pairs of feet that walk in the fair streets of Manáos and in the woods of the vicinity have never worn shoes—for shoes

LIVERS OF THE SIMPLE LIFE

are needless to them. The people are remarkably clean and orderly, and most of them receive at least a rudimentary education. The upper class, the professional men, merchants and government officials, are typical of the best Brazilian aspiration and cul-

ture. Manáos and Pará are distinctly the most progressive and modern cities in the northern half of South America.

We remained for a week at Manáos, and the prominent citizens there did their utmost to sur-

A BEAUTY SPOT NEAR MANAÓS

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

pass the people of Pará in showing us honor and hospitality. They gave us a banquet and organized a rowing regatta for our entertainment. To the regatta the whole city seemed to turn out, and hundreds of craft of every de-

AT THE REGATTA, MANÁOS

scription, from the oddest sort of native dugouts and small sailing junks to ocean steamers of several thousand tons burden, took some part in the function. The principal citizens and their families spent the afternoon on the *Virginia* out in the stream, and appeared to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

A steamboat excursion on the Rio Negro was also organized by the citizens, the *Virginia* being the vessel of honor. Many prominent Manáos people came aboard on this occasion, and the yacht, with all her bunting flying, steamed some miles upstream, thus establishing the record of penetrating further into the great Brazilian wilderness of water than any other yacht had ever gone.

Manáos is now the principal market for rubber on the Amazon, having superseded Pará in this respect. All the rubber from the tributaries in the State of Amazonas goes there for classification, taxation, and sale, and it is exported thence direct to Europe and America. Nearly 17,000 tons, of a value of about \$35,000,000, were exported from this centre last crop year. There is an export duty on this product of about twenty-three per cent. of its market value, a similar duty being levied at the city of Pará on the rubber from the State of that name.

Immense revenues are thus derived by the two States of Pará and Amazonas. And this

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

explains why the cities of Pará and Manáós, particularly the latter, are such imposing capitals, with such fine public buildings and works. There being practically no works or roads to build or maintain, and no development to expend money upon in the interior of the country, almost the whole of the large revenue of the States of Pará and Amazonas is available for expenditure in the two chief towns.

CLASSING AND PACKING RUBBER, MANÁÓS

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

THE AMAZONIAN INDIANS

INDIANS OF THE RIO BRANCO

We were not able to see anything of the life of the Amazon Indians during our stay on the River. Indeed, we encountered but few pure-bred aborigines,

though we came across a pronounced aboriginal strain in every village and town. We were told, however, that the scanty population of the upper regions of the Amazon and its affluents is mainly composed of Indians and half-castes, who have gradually been brought within the pale of civilization by communication with traders and rubber-gatherers. At the present time, it is only in the imperfectly explored upper reaches of the rivers that any of the wild and dangerous tribes are to be met with.

AMAZON INDIAN CHIEFS IN FULL DRESS

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

The Amazon Indians are diffident about approaching towns, and they have no more dealings with the White merchants and settlers than are required for the satisfaction of their most urgent wants. They prefer to live in solitude or with a very few even of their own people.

AN AMAZON INDIAN CHIEF

They are wonderfully expert in hunting and in catching fish. The latter they generally shoot with arrows projected from bows which are worked with the feet. They also kill their prey with barbed spears and darts. They use the blowpipe with

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

great skill. This formidable weapon is a hollow reed, ten or twelve feet long through

AN AMAZON EVE

which very slender darts, poisoned at the tip, are blown with such force and precision that an animal or bird may be brought down at a distance of thirty yards or more. The great advantage of this weapon is its

silence, the ambushed hunter being able to shoot a number of darts at his victim without revealing his presence.

It is stated by Amazonian ethnographers that the Indian does not stand the heat as well as the Negro, and that he suffers from it even more than the White man.

A YOUNG BRAVE

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

A HUNTING EXCURSION

While we were at Manáos, some of us went on an interesting hunting excursion. Starting from the yacht in one of our steam launches at three o'clock in the morning, and accompanied by a pilot, we went down the Negro for some miles and turned first into a lagoon and then into an *igarapé* or long, narrow inlet. Here at daylight we had such shooting as would ravish the heart of any gun enthusiast. Herons, storks, cranes, ibises, parrots, ducks, and many other birds abounded; monkeys fled from tree to tree before us; an occasional sloth could be seen, with his long arms round a tree trunk crawling up at a snail's pace; huge turtles lay lazily on the mudbanks; and in the water, dark-red and gray dolphins sported near us, and alligators in profusion poked their eyes and the top of their skulls above the surface for us to shoot at. Two of us, taking our courage in both hands, landed and penetrated some distance into the woods to

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

investigate the great unknown, to "sense" the forest and get the feel of it. We kept our fingers on the triggers of our Winchesters, but there was really little danger. Hardly any animal in the Amazonian forest will attack a man unless it is brought to bay. Even the snakes will scuttle away at the sound of a man's approach. But we paid the penalty of our intrepidity, nevertheless; for we found, on getting back to the launch, that our persons had been invaded by some sort of forest vermin, and we could rid ourselves of them only by the application of chemical preparations on our return to the yacht.

In spite of the game we brought back, we were duly "guyed" by those who had stayed on board.

"How much did you have to pay the natives for those birds?"

"You came home by way of the market, didn't you?"

These are samples of the insulting questions that were fired at us. One unfeeling member of the party remarked that there must have been

A PARADISE FOR ALLIGATORS

RIVER OR FOREST—WHICH SHALL REIGN?

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

so much to shoot at that we couldn't possibly have avoided killing something. "But," he added, "what they hit is history, and what they missed is mystery."

GETTING PROVISIONS OVER THE RAPIDS OF THE
RIO BRANCO

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

PLANT AND ANIMAL LIFE OF THE AMAZON VALLEY

PART OF THE YACHT'S MENAGERIE

animal and plant life which are to be met with along the river.

The rich, alluvial soil, and the warm, humid atmosphere of the Amazon region combine to produce the most wonderful variety of vegetation that can well be conceived. Almost every

It is not my intention to insert here a treatise on the flora and the fauna of the Amazon region. There are plenty of books on these subjects to which anyone sufficiently interested can readily turn. I will merely refer briefly to the principal forms of

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

form of tree and plant, it would seem, is represented in these forests. There are numerous kinds of gigantic trees whose woods are admirably suited for building and cabinet-making; there are several species of rubber-bearing trees and vines; there are spice-yielding trees and plants; aromatic herbs; plants that give many of the most useful of our drugs; others that yield oils; woods from which fine dyes may be extracted; others that produce vegetable ivory; roots that are excellent foods; trees and shrubs that furnish textile fibres, resins, gums, balsams and essences; and fruits and nuts in profusion. Here in this jungle, indeed, is natural wealth enough to set up and maintain two or three kingdoms, could man only live and work in it and maintain health and comfort. With but little labor, roots and seeds spring up and rapidly mature. Corn, coffee, sugar-cane, tobacco, cocoa and all tropical fruits grow with a minimum of assistance from man. The Mandioca root (which also yields the product we call tapioca) furnishes a flour called *farinha*. This

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

flour is the staff of life of the Amazon population, much more so indeed than bread is the staff of life with us of the Temperate Zone. Palm trees of many varieties are to be seen everywhere, but particularly on the Lower Amazon. Orchids of strange form and brilliant coloring, and tree flowers which, in the mass, often look, from a distance, like patches of yellow or red flame, afford a pleasing relief from the eternal green of the forest.

Like the plant life, the animal life of the Amazon country is amazingly abundant and varied. Nearly every known family of animals, excepting the enormous quadrupeds of the deserts and plains of the Old World, is represented. There are at least eight species of monkeys, probably many more. There are two species of the feline order—the spotted panther and the tiger-cat. Of the canine tribe, there are the red wolf and the Brazilian wild dog. Of the weasel family, there are the Brazilian otter and two or three other species. There are several sorts of quadrumana belonging to the omniverous class.

THE AMAZONIAN JUNGLE

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

In the order of ruminants, there is nearly every species of deer—the *paludosus* of the marshes, the *rufus* of the higher lands, the *campestris* of the plains, and the *nemorivagus*, a small animal which lives mostly on the shrubby land. Of the pachyderms, there is the tapir, the largest mammal of the Amazon region, whose skin is as thick and tough as the elephant's. There are three kinds of wild pig. The rodent class is represented by half a dozen species, and there are more than that number of varieties of the toothless order, which live entirely on ants, worms and insects. Then there is the sloth, a most ungainly, harmless, and pathetic-looking creature. There are three or four kinds of vampires and several sorts of bats. The marsupials are represented by the *sarigüea* and the *didelphis murina*. Snakes of every description abound, from harmless little things a few inches long to the deadly rattle-snake and the enormous *boa-scytale* which will crush an ox or a tapir to death and devour its bones and all. Of the order of the cetaceans, there is the great

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

peixe-boi or cow-fish, the largest fresh-water fish in the world, and the *boto* or Amazon dolphin. The former is herbivorous and the latter carnivorous. The cow-fish attains a length of ten feet and its flesh is said to be a very good food. There are two kinds of dolphin, called the white and the red, though in the water they appear gray and dark-brown. The former is harmless, the latter is very dangerous. They go in schools, and are constantly seen following large and small craft and coming to the surface to breathe. Turtles and alligators are extremely plentiful. Turtle meat is the beef and mutton of the Amazon, and is served at the tables of rich and poor alike at least two or three times a week.

Agassiz, the great naturalist, says that "the Amazon nourishes about twice as many species of fish as the Mediterranean, and a more considerable number than the Atlantic Ocean from one pole to the other." The most important fish, the one which, next to turtle meat and *farinha*, is the chief article of food in the coun-

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

try, is the *pirarucu* or redfish. Notable among the denizens of the Amazon waters and swamps is the electric eel, which, upon coming into contact with cattle on the banks of the lakes and

PART OF THE YACHT'S MENAGERIE—MACAW AND PARROTS

rivers, gives them a shock strong enough to knock them down.

The birds of the Amazon region, too, present an extraordinary variety. I will not attempt to mention more than a few. There are two species of vultures, twenty-three of hawks, and eight of

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

owls. Notable among the many singing birds are the bright-yellow *sabid*, which has a strong and melodious but unvarying voice; the humming bird; the *bem-te-vi*, which hops from branch to branch; and the black and yellow *chechéo*, which builds a long, sleeve-shaped nest and hangs it from the branches of the highest trees. There are many kinds of pigeons. Of the climbing species, there is a great variety, of all sizes: these are invariably green, or green and yellow. There are the macaws and the toucans, the *maracanas* and the paroquets. The web-footed tribes, of course, are legion. One of the most notable of these is the *guard* (*ibis rubra*) whose feathers change color as the bird ages. The pheasant class is represented by half a dozen varieties. The waders, too, are everywhere in evidence.

If, while on the river, the traveller takes the trouble to get up at daybreak, he will be rewarded by a sight which he will never afterwards forget—the sight of the feathered myriads of the forest and the swamps seeking their

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

morning meal. Later in the day, one might think that there was not a living creature, except insects, within twenty miles.

Truly this is a paradise for birds and beasts and fishes. And what a world of beautiful, curious, monstrous, and fantastic creatures has been evolved in the conditions here pertaining!

THE TURTLE MARKET, MANÁOS

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

TURNING HOMEWARD

We left Manáos on the evening of January 19th, after a stay of eight days. As we quitted our mooring out in the river and turned down

A VILLAGE NEAR IQUITOS

stream, the whole city seemed to be watching our departure and waving us a cordial farewell.

"I'm glad we got away by sunset," said the Commodore.

"I'm glad we got away, by *Heaven!*" re-

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

joined our principal witmaker. He had had all he wanted of the "inland sea," and was rather knocked up by the heat, but he had no intention whatever of casting any aspersion on the good

THE RIO BRANCO—A TRIBUTARY OF A TRIBUTARY

people of the town, whose reception and entertainment of us could not have been more cordial.

It was Commodore Benedict's intention at one time to take the yacht right up to Iquitos, 2,200 miles from the ocean, for the river is easily

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

navigable to that point and large steamers from Europe penetrate that far. But we found on reaching Manáos that we had little to gain in experience or pleasure by going further; for the thousand miles of the Amazon which we had seen had shown practically every phenomenon of the river that we could possibly see by ascending another 1,200 miles. The Commodore remarked that it would simply be "‘and so forth’ scenery."

A TRADING CENTRE

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

AGRICULTURE ON THE AMAZON

Coming down the river we kept to the middle of the stream nearly all the way, to get the benefit of the current.

We stopped for two or three hours at Santarém, a good place to get monkeys, parrots, and curios, with which we duly loaded up. Some eighty Americans, we were told, Southern Confederates, settled here after the American civil war, and engaged in agricultural and pastoral pursuits. Only two or three of these now remained. One keeps a tumble-down store and another has a prosperous cattle ranch. We had a very interesting "yarn" with each of these voluntary exiles.

The same day we landed further down at the most important ranch on this part of the river, Cacaol Grande, where we were very hospitably received by the proprietor, a young Brazilian of good type and refinement. He showed us over his place, where he raises horses and cattle, cacao, beans and maize, and dries large quan-

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

tities of fish. When we left he very kindly sent aboard the yacht a boatload of the products of his ranch. He informed us that ranching there would be exceedingly profitable if it were

A GIFT BOATLOAD OF PLANTATION PRODUCTS

only possible to get men to labor. But such laboring men as care to live on the Amazon prefer the free, meagre, lazy existence of the rubber-gatherer. We were exceedingly interested in looking over this ranch-plantation, but none of

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

us would have cared to lead the lonely life of the proprietor and his pathetic little wife.

Many optimistic people look forward to the time when the Amazon country will be thickly

NAVIGATION ON THE SMALL RIVERS

populated and prosperous plantations will occupy the river front on each side for thousands of miles. I am aware that it is generally as rash a thing to foretell what will not happen as to predict what will happen ; but I cannot see in

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

the future the thick population and the prosperous plantations that have been prophesied. There certainly will be development on the higher lands; but on the lower Amazon, for some hundreds of miles, there seems little prospect of reclaiming the alluvial flats from the grip of the river. A great deal of this land is submerged in the high-river season, and if the forest were stripped from it, the river would eat it up like so much salt.

As for the upriver region, the whole population of the immense State of Amazonas does not amount to 400,000—and the habitable portion of this State is estimated to be 1,185,000 square miles in extent!

Only on the banks of the principal rivers and tributaries, and of the lakes, where rubber is to be found, is there any noticeable indication of human life. There are rivers, even close to Manáos (such as the Janapery, which is only 170 miles away), whose banks are quite uninhabited by civilized people. Thousands of square miles of the territory of the State have never been

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

exploited in any way and have been but very imperfectly explored.

There is hardly any immigration to the

DISSEMBARKING ON THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE

Amazon country from foreign lands, the hardy native Brazilian alone venturing to make a home in these forests.

Owing to the importance of the commerce in

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

rubber, however, all the large rivers are regularly served by modern steamers from Pará or Manáos. On some of the rivers, where it is impossible for steamers to navigate, launches of light draught are used by the traders, who push their way with astonishing intrepidity into regions that seem altogether inaccessible.

NEGOTIATING THE RAPIDS OF THE UPPER TAPAJÓS

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

BACK TO PARA

We made another stop at Breves, a small village among the Islands of the Narrows—where a

INSTITUTING THE WIRELESS TELEGRAPH ON THE AMAZON

station of the Amazon Wireless Telegraph, in which some of our party were concerned, was being completed—and then continued our course

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

to Pará, which we reached on the morning of December 23d.

We spent Christmas Day here very quietly, and in the night sailed over to Souré, on the

"THE FOREST PUSHES RIGHT INTO THE RIVER"

Island of Marajó, forty miles away, where we awoke next morning. We went there to get some tarpon fishing and stayed a couple of days. The sport, however, was not at all lively, though we landed one good-sized tarpon and a number of queer-looking fish, whose names I will not attempt to spell.

We spent nearly a week more at Pará, and

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

one day took the opportunity of going off in our big launch to the *Ihla das Onças*—the Island of Tiger-Cats—where we saw the seringueiros gathering rubber.

COMMODORE BENEDICT ASSISTING AT RUBBER-SMOKING
OPERATIONS

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

RUBBER GATHERING

THE HEVEA RUBBER TREE

There are several trees and shrubs which yield rubber, but the principal source of the supply is the *Hevea Brasiliensis*, a tree which attains to a height of fifty or sixty feet. The coagulated milk of this tree is the crude

“Pará” rubber of our market, which now sells at about \$1.25 to \$1.35 per pound for fine quality.

To obtain it, the seringueiro makes incisions in the bark of the living tree with a small hatchet, and below the incisions attaches small

TAPPING A RUBBER TREE

BRINGING HOME THE DAY'S YIELD OF
RUBBER-MILK

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

tin cups. The sap, which is just like milk, oozes for about an hour, and partly fills the little cups. When the seringueiro has tapped the last of the hundred or so of trees in his charge, he returns to the first and begins collecting the rubber-milk from the little tin cups. The small pailful which he thus obtains every morning, when there is no rain, is then taken to his hut and the liquid is coagulated and cured by a process of smoking.

A fire is made of Uauassu or Urucury palm nuts, which give forth a dense, acrid smoke. Over this fire is placed an earthen cone-shaped vessel with a hole in the top, out of which the smoke escapes.

The seringueiro then takes a piece of wood, shaped like a paddle, and dips it into the milk, some of which clings to the wood. This is then held over the smoke, when much of the water in the latex evaporates, leaving a layer of brown gum on the paddle. Layer after layer is smoked on to the paddle in this way, and the operation is continued day after day, until a ball of fifty or sixty pounds is obtained. In this form the rub-

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

ber is sent to the rubber market at Pará or Manáos. If the *seringueiro* has been careful in smoking the milk, and has allowed no foreign

OVERTAPPED RUBBER TREES

matter to get into it, the rubber is classed as Fine when the ball is cut open at the market. If it has not been well smoked, it is classed as *Entrefino* Medium, and the waste, of which

SMOKING RUBBER

HEADQUARTERS OF RUBBER RANCHES

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

there is usually a good proportion, is known as *Sernamby* or Coarse.

Last crop year, ending June 30th, 1905, more than 33,000 tons of rubber of a value of nearly \$67,000,000 were exported from the Amazonian forests.

"BISCUITS" OF SMOKED RUBBER

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

GOOD-BYE TO THE AMAZON

We finally left Pará on the evening of January 2d, after having spent just a month on the Amazon. We were all agreed that the greatest

CARRYING RUBBER TO THE RIVER FOR SHIPMENT

of rivers was quite as marvellous and interesting as we had read or been told it was; and though after a month we had all had enough of it, not one of us would have missed for anything the rare opportunity afforded by the most genial

A PROVISION STORE

HEADQUARTERS OF A RUBBER RANCH AT "HIGH RIVER"

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

and liberal of hosts of seeing the wonders of the mighty stream and its amazing forests under conditions of comfort and immunity from the worst of the many trials that ordinarily beset the traveller in these regions.

We had brought with us a goodly store of fireworks, and just as we were leaving Pará these were handed over to the crew, who illuminated the yacht with them and shot a large number of fine rockets into the night as a parting salutation to the city and the river.

DEATH AND SUICIDE IN THE MENAGERIE.

THE fireworks referred to, unfortunately, were the cause of a slaughter and a suicide. Among the many live animals we had collected up the river were two pacas—a sort of small, comely-looking native pig. These two pacas were kept on deck behind the wooden grating that runs round the stern of the yacht. While the fireworks were being let off by the crew, a barrel, containing a powerful rocket which had just been ignited, capsized, or else the rocket shot out at the wrong end—no one seems to know just what happened. But at any rate, one of the poor pacas was killed. This we did not know at the time. Next evening, when we were out on the ocean, some one thought of letting the pacas out on deck for exercise. One of them came out willingly enough. The other one would not budge. But it was not mere

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

pig-headedness that made him stay where he was. He really had a very good reason for not stirring; he was dead. The other fellow immediately jumped up on the taffrail and commenced to walk round the extreme stern of the yacht, stretching his neck out seawards and apparently estimating the distance of the drop to the water. Whether he imagined the sea was a plain, over which he could scamper, or whether he knew it was water, and, being a swimmer, thought he could breast his way through it to his native forest, no one can tell. We could see he was contemplating a jump and we did our best to prevent him. But he took the plunge and disappeared into the ocean and the night. Poor fellow, he doubtless made a tasty supper, that evening, for some rapacious sea monster.

ALONG THE COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA

THE day after leaving Pará, January 3rd, we found ourselves steaming merrily up the Brazilian coast.

The water had lost a good deal of its yellowness, but was still of a dark olive-green—the effect of the Amazon water which is carried up by the strong current that always sets north along this coast. The sea was smooth, but there was enough roll to set the yacht swinging again. In the afternoon, we were off the coast of French Guiana, and just before sunset we sighted the famous, or infamous, *Ile du Diable*—Devil's Island—where the ill-starred Dreyfus spent four years in solitary captivity. We passed within twelve or thirteen miles of the island. As we came abreast of it, the sun sank over and behind it, enveloping it in a weird conflagration of orange and violet and light green hues, and this

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

effect added to the strange feelings with which we regarded the prison-island.

The next day the water had lost all trace of the yellow Amazon, and had again become a vast expanse of liquid sapphire. The sea was heavier, but the day was delightfully cool and clear.

On January 5th, the sea had gone down somewhat, but we still rolled too much for comfort. The current running with us here was so powerful that we found we were spanking along at the rate of nearly fifteen knots an hour.

A TRUE FISH STORY

Here I must tell a fish story. It is such a remarkable fish story that if I myself had had anything to do with the catching of that fish, I shouldn't dare mention the matter. But *I* didn't catch him. Nobody did. He caught himself.

This is what happened, and how it happened.

It was the evening of January 5th, about ten o'clock. The yacht was gliding through the sea at nearly fifteen knots an hour, and rolling about

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

twenty-five degrees. One of the stewards was sitting in the dining-room (the dining-room of the *Virginia* is on deck, forward). He was dozing and dreaming—doubtless of the girl he left behind. Suddenly he was awakened by something swishing through the open window, over his right shoulder, close to his face. Before he could open his eyes, he heard the flop of something weighty on the floor beneath the dining-room table, and then, to his amazement, he saw the gleaming back of a good-sized, tail-flapping, all-alive-o fish. A brother steward was immediately summoned, then nearly the whole crew, and the fish was duly measured and weighed. The official report made him 2 feet 3 inches long, and gave him $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds avoirdupois. He certainly made a famous leap, to get out of the sea into that dining-room. Allowing for a possible lurch of the yacht in his direction at the moment of his jump, he still must have leaped in a curve over twenty feet long in order to clear the railing of the yacht and the passage-way between the railing and the dining-room, and to

THE COAST OF TRINIDAD

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

pass through the window and land under the table.

We showed our appreciation of the remarkable feat of this athletic fish by making an enjoyable meal of him the following morning. As there were at that breakfast at least one millionaire and some strange fellows, we might have sung the fish's requiem in the words of Ariel in "The Tempest"—

"Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something *rich* and *strange*."

In our party was a former Fish Commissioner of the State of New York. This irrefutable authority pronounced the long-jumper to be a Spanish mackerel.

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

TRINIDAD

TRINIDAD COOLIE
TYPES—I

The sixth of January was a glorious day, the sun full and strong, but so tempered by the ocean breeze that one could lie in it for half-an-hour at a time, without being over-roasted, and derive a keen satisfaction from letting it pervade the fibres of one's being—a satisfaction which was easily enhanced by the thought that in New York, our regular habitat, the thermometer at that moment was registering zero.

In the afternoon, we sighted first the beautiful Island of Tobago (Robinson Crusoe's Island) and then that earthly paradise which is called Trinidad. We

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

reached the northeast corner of the latter about 5.30 P. M., and sailed along the north coast, getting, while the light lasted, a fine panoramic view of its imposing mountain ranges and forest slopes, and its prosperous-looking little

A PALM GROVE, TRINIDAD

villages by the sea. We made the northwest corner of the island at 10 o'clock that night, went carefully through the Dragon's Mouth—a narrow channel between the main island and a smaller one—into the Gulf of Paria, and

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

dropped anchor off Port of Spain shortly before midnight.

At daylight next morning we found ourselves surrounded by a fleet of rowboats, full of sturdy,

NEAR PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD

jolly, gayly-dressed black gentlemen and ladies anxious to wash our linen and sell us things for which we had neither use nor tolerance. But the water police would not allow them to come right alongside; for we were under a ban: we

(1) ROPE TREE (2) BAMBOO GROVE, TRINIDAD

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

had come from the region of fevers, though we were all manifestly in good health.

At first, the medical officers seemed determined not to let us land without subjecting us

IN PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD

to a period of quarantine. For two or three hours we had to kick our heels impatiently, uncertain whether we should get ashore at all, or whether we should be obliged to weigh anchor and slink off northward without ever coming

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

A WEST INDIAN MULATTO

into closer contact with this beautiful, happy-looking land, which, a couple of miles away, there beyond the harbor-front, seemed to be beckoning to us and promising so much delight.

Finally, however, we did get permission to land.

And then, for two days and a half, the yacht saw very little of us, except at sleeptime; for we found Trinidad quite as fascinating as it had promised to be. We enjoyed the hospitality and culinary resources of the principal hotel, took never-to-be-forgotten drives round the shore, through the picturesque Coolie village, out into the country, among the hills, through cacao plantations, and up to

THE BLUE BASIN WATERFALL, TRINIDAD

A CACAO PLANTATION, TRINIDAD

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

the Blue Basin Waterfall. We could not get enough of this luminous, caressing air, this largess of balm-breathing foliage, this varied profusion of tropical flowers and fruit, this rich, peaceful nature-beauty and grandeur.

Port of Spain, the capital, is a fine town, well laid out, with clean streets, excellent stores, handsome public buildings, artistic private mansions

and villas, and one of the finest botanical gardens in the world. Flanking the city is a glorious mountain-range covered with dense forest.

There is a much larger proportion of white people here than in the other islands of the

A CACAO TREE

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

Lesser Antilles, and the place has the appearance of enjoying great prosperity. It seems, too, to be governed with that combination of

DRYING CACAO BEANS, TRINIDAD

tact, skill, firmness, understanding, consideration, and civic honor, which has done so much for English colonies all over the world. The chief products are cacao, sugar, fruits, and natural pitch.

TRINIDAD COOLIE TYPES—II—A RICH MAN'S WIFE

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

Trinidad has practically solved its labor problem by assisting the immigration of large numbers of East

Indian coolies.

There are at present

some 80,000

of these on

the island.

The climate,

resembling

that of parts

of India and

Ceylon, is

particularly

suited to

them, and

they feel

quite at home

under these

skies and in these warm forests. They have

brought with them their simple Eastern form

of civilization, with its customs, dress, and in-

TRINIDAD COOLIE TYPES—III

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

stitutions. Their presence, besides being one of the bases of Trinidad's prosperity, adds very

much to the grace and charm and picturesqueness of the island, giving it quite an Oriental touch.

A TRINIDAD COOLIE FAKIR

We regretfully left Port of Spain after luncheon on January 9th. Emerging from the Gulf of Paria

as we had entered it, by way of the Dragon's Mouth, we took a course a little north of west. Immediately we ran into high-bounding seas, and were driven along by powerful trade winds.

IN THE INTERIOR, TRINIDAD

VENEZUELA

IN the night we reached La Guayra, the chief Venezuelan port, which has been the scene and sometimes the cause of much political and international turmoil during the past few years. Next morning, after an early breakfast, our whole party (with the exception of the present writer who was laid low for a few days at this stage by some nondescript form of tropical fever—apparently and fortunately not contagious) went ashore and took the train over the mountains to Carácas, the capital of the country, some twenty-five miles by rail, though it is only

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

about seven as the crow flies. The party returned before sundown, reporting a very interesting rail-journey over the mountain, and bringing back trophies of Panama hats. They were not impressed by the capital city, however,

A STREET IN CARÁCAS, VENEZUELA

declaring that it compared unfavorably, as far as evidences of vitality and progress were concerned, with most of the

other places we had visited during our cruise.

As for La Guayra, it is a dirty, God-forsaken-looking place built on the precipitous flank of a mountain. The little houses look as if they might at any moment slip off their niches and slide into the harbor. Two constructions stand out conspicuously on the mountainside: one is a fort, the other a bull-ring. The fort would make a fine target for any little shooting practice that a small fleet of battleships might care

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

to indulge in. They would surely pound it to dust in a couple of hours.

Yellow fever and smallpox were prevalent in La Guayra while we were there, but nobody seemed to be much concerned on this account ; it was not an unusual condition.

As one day was sufficient to satisfy our curiosity in regard to this country, there was no temptation to stay longer, and we got away during the evening.

ON THE GREAT LAGOON, CURAÇAO

CURAÇAO

Early next morning, we sighted the Dutch Island-colony of Curaçao. To those of us who had not been there before this curious little coral land was a surprise and a delight. Willemstad, the harbor and capital, with its great lagoon, whose arms reach in every direction, is a sort of little Dutch Venice. The town is remarkably clean and picturesque, and really artistic and beautiful effects have been produced with the simplest and crudest of materials and colors. The houses are built of coralline rock, in the Dutch style, and they are gayly but not at

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all loudly painted in ochre and brick-red, with broad borders of white at the angles and on the roofs.

The population is made up of a peculiar mixture of peoples—Dutch, South American

WILLEMSTAD HARBOR, CURACAO

Spaniards and Portuguese, and Negroes. The island is almost bare of vegetation and there seems to be but little agriculture on it. Indeed, there is hardly any soil. We wondered what the people did for an existence. When we put

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a question on this head to the living encyclopædia who was one of our party, he laughed and answered—"They take in each other's washing." But we heard it whispered around as an open secret that the island owes its prosperity, in a large measure, to the advantage it takes of its facilities for shipping contraband goods to neighboring republics with high tariffs.

Willemstad is unique as a port, having neither a custom house nor a quarantine.

We spent seven or eight hours inspecting the quaint town, enjoying the new experience of purchasing dutiless commodities, and touring the lagoon in our large launch.

A RECORD ROLL—AND OTHERS

ON leaving Curaçao, just before sunset, we ran into very heavy seas. That night the yacht rolled more than at any time during the cruise. Our clinometer registered a roll of 37 degrees, and we had great difficulty in keeping in our berths. The operation of eating meals next day was of the nature of an acrobatic performance. I wish I could reproduce here a picture I have in my mind's eye of a certain respected member of the New York Yacht Club, with a couple of fried eggs in his lap and half-a-pint of coffee in his ample bosom. Yes, those were the largest rolls some of us had ever had for breakfast—much too large, in fact, for comfortable digestion.

Speaking of rolls reminds me that, the first day we were on the Amazon, someone got off a joke on our chief jokesmith. He was very fond of rolls and not unwilling to teach the cook how to get them just right (as he was always willing, and indeed almost always able, to teach anybody anything). He was therefore much concerned

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when it was intimated to him that we should not have any more rolls for breakfast for three or four weeks. "Why?" he demanded; and there was in his tone a full confidence in his ability to remedy the trouble, whatever it might be, and to assure the due daily forthcoming of excellent breakfast rolls. It was then pointed out to him that there would be no rolls because we were now in calm water and the yacht would do no rolling for a month.

The joke was perhaps not a very brilliant one; but it was good fun to see the great joke-smith's expression when his question was answered and a roar of derision from the whole company greeted him. This was the only time we ever caught him napping during the cruise.

But we did have rolls on the river, all the same—and of both sorts. The day we came back to Pará from the island of Marajó, there was a high wind and the water was rough enough to make the yacht dance considerably.

JAMAICA

HEAVY seas continued to follow us during the next two days and we were very glad, at sunset on the 14th, to catch the first glimpse of the mountain-tops of Jamaica, and crawl up under the lee of this majestic island, where we could once more keep an even keel and an even temper.

We steamed gaily along the Southern coast, enjoying the balmy, starlit night, and watching with interest the changing, shadowy contours of the mountains and the gleam of an occasional light or cluster of lights near the shore or far up on the hillside. At 9 o'clock in the evening, we were off the curious hook of land that forms the fine harbor of Kingston. Here we lay to and made all sorts of signals for a pilot; but the pilots either didn't or wouldn't see or hear, and we had to lie outside all night. Early in the morning, we got into the harbor and, after a

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short delay with the health officers, were permitted to land.

We were charmed with the grandiose massivity and picturesque lines of the mountains, and pleased to find ourselves in such a fine harbor among so many large and important ships. The latter, by the way, were nearly all flying the British flag. Indeed, throughout our cruise, we encountered British shipping everywhere, and it was a matter of continual remark and regret on the yacht that we seemed to be almost the only vessel carrying the stars and stripes on the vast tropical seas. We were the second one to carry them above Pará on the Amazon. Very frequently and very fervidly did certain patriotic souls among us denounce the nefarious influences and practices which have arrested and continue to arrest the development of American shipbuilding and shipping.

The city of Kingston disappointed us. It is surprisingly extensive, but we found it arid and dusty and, apparently, not very clean. Its stores and houses have an old, worn appearance, and

A PLANTATION IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS, JAMAICA

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

it has but little architectural attractiveness. Trees we saw in plenty, and yet missed the ubiquitous verdure of the other island cities we had just visited. The type of Negroes who swarm in Kingston struck us as being coarser and rougher than the types of the Leeward and Windward Islands. However, we did not see Kingston at its best. It was Sunday when we landed there, and the whole city was shut up with the Puritanical rigor of an English country town.

But if Kingston is not remarkable for beauty, its environs are altogether enchanting. Some of our party, determined to make the most of the few hours we were to spend here, secured the best vehicle and the fastest pair of horses that could be had, and made a dash for the abounding glories of Nature that beckoned to us from the hills and valleys beyond the city. There, among the acclivitous gorges and tumbling cascades, we experienced the sensation of coming under the benignant spell of tropical scenery with a new note in it—the note of rug-

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gedness—and the effect on us was an instant invigoration and exhilaration.

An additional charm is added to this magnificent scenery by the fact that even the most rugged slopes, the wildest, most unlikely-looking

THE END OF THE CARRIAGE ROAD, BLUE MOUNTAINS,
JAMAICA

steeps, harbor and guard, with their natural growth of mountain trees and shrubs, groves of choice orange-trees and plantations of banana-palms and coffee-shrubs.

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We went as far as the carriage-road would take us, and would fain have transferred our persons to the backs of mules, to be borne to the summer station several thousand feet higher up. But you have to have both the time and the money to do pleasant things in this festive world, and in the present case, though we did for once possess the price, the necessary hours were not at our disposal; for the briny deep was calling, calling to the Commodore, and the Commodore was calling, calling to the rest of us.

But Jamaica was another land that we left with a feeling of regret, with a sense that we were abandoning, perhaps for ever, a little world of scarcely tasted delights, of uninvestigated joys.

THE DRY TORTUGAS

A LONG DETOUR FOR SOME FISHING

We were piloted out of the harbor in the late afternoon, and, after a couple of hours, again ran into heavy seas, which continued to knock us about wofully for nearly three days, except during a few hours when we were running along under the lee of the southwest coast of Cuba.

We were bound for the Dry Tortugas, a group of coral reefs, mere spots on the ocean, the location of an old United States fort. Our object in going to this place was to try the fishing. An old friend of our host's had repeatedly stated to him that the fishing there was the most varied and exciting to be had anywhere. Now, all degrees of scepticism are permissible in relation to other men's fish stories, and our host was not going to let such a little matter as the fact that the Dry Tortugas lay four or five hundred miles off his course deter him from going there to find out for himself whether his friend had told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

truth about that fishing. So thither we went, and gladly, too; for not everyone can say he has been to the Dry Tortugas.

A FEAT IN NAVIGATION

In steering for these lonely little keys, we executed quite a remarkable piece of navigation. Nobody on the yacht had ever been there before. The current in these waters is strong and tricky, unstable and hard to calculate. The morning of the day we were to arrive at the fort was very cloudy and misty, and we could get no sun observation. Soon after midday, the Commodore went on the bridge and asked one of the officers (two of whom were peering vainly through their binoculars into the mist) how far away he supposed we were.

"According to our reckoning," was the reply, "we're *there*: we've just arrived. But we can't see anything."

Thereupon the order "Half-speed ahead" was telegraphed to the engine room.

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

Just then the mist began to lift, and five or ten minutes later, not half a mile away and directly in a line with our bow, the lighthouse

AMONG THE BAHAMA KEYS

of the Dry Tortugas seemed to spring up out of the sea, or drop from the sky.

"I reckon that was a pretty good reckon of yours," said the Commodore to the officers.
"I congratulate you."

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

A DAY'S SPORT

The rest of that day was misty and disagreeable, but the following day was as perfect as anything one could wish or dream in the way of weather.

We organized a fishing expedition and, duly guided by expert fishermen of the Keys, went in a couple of boats to the outer ledge of the coral bank three or four miles away from our anchorage. There we had very good sport, landing exactly fifty good-sized fish, mostly grouper, merchant-fish, hog-fish, and yellow-tail. Unfortunately it was not the right season for tarpon. Our host admitted that there certainly were some fish on those coral ledges, but he can't quite make up his mind even now whether his friend told him the whole truth and nothing more than the truth on this piscatorial subject.

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

THE FIFTY-POUND FISH WE DIDN'T CATCH

An amusing incident occurred in connection with our fishing preoccupations here. And (as in the case of the fish story I have told some pages back) for the reason that I myself did not catch the fish in question—indeed, I was perhaps mainly, though inadvertently, instrumental in preventing his being caught—in relating it, I can ask my readers not to call or even to think me a fish liar. At the breakfast table on the morning of the excursion just referred to, the conversation was distinctly—I was going to say fishy, but that is an adjective of too many meanings, natural and acquired—so I will say, the conversation turned mainly on the topic of fish and fishing. We all told (and some of us, I think, really believed what we related) of the fish we had caught, of the fish we had almost caught, of the fish we ought to have caught, of the fish we would yet catch, and of the fish the other fellow couldn't catch. When we had fully

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expressed our souls in this connection, an old fisherman of our party (a fisher of men, too!) lifted up his voice and spake in this wise :

“ Look here, boys. Here’s a sporting offer for you. We’ll be in Havana in a day or two, and Havana is a place where you can spend all the money you can lay hands on. Now I’ll give you a chance to earn easy pocket money for use in that estimable city. I’ll give ten cents a pound for every fish or fishes weighing individually more than fifty pounds that any of you may catch and bring to me during our stay here.”

The offer was received with loud acclamation, and we went off with added enthusiasm to our day’s labor of love—of fish-love. Our hopes were raised high when, on our way to the outer ledge, we saw sticking out of the water for an instant what we took to be the fore-arm or the hind-leg of a species of sea-monster that perambulates in these parts. The day before, we had been entertained by tales told us at the fort of the great size and prodigious strength of these monsters.

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

We had been assured that, on a certain occasion, one of them had picked up the anchor of a vessel and swum off with it and the vessel for several miles. We began to speculate how much this fellow that we now saw, if he were really of this species, would weigh, and how much pocket-money for Havana he would run into at ten cents a pound; also, as to who should get the money, or whether it ought to be divided. Some one suggested that the maker of the offer (who had stayed on the yacht with the fifth volume of a Portuguese novel) might contend that this was not a fish—and we nearly threw the fellow overboard for thinking such thoughts. He was a plump young Yale graduate, and would have added about 180 pounds to the weight of that monster, or say, \$18 to the value thereof; so that we should not have been without justification for feeding him to the big ugly thing. But we reflected that he (the young man) might some day have a wife and family, and we remembered that he was a natural wit, and so we abstained from sacrificing him. We

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

waited about patiently for the monster to indicate his presence again, but alas ! he showed up nevermore.

Later in the day, our high hopes began to sink somewhat, as we realized that it takes quite a large fish to weigh fifty pounds. We were encouraged, however, on learning that there were plenty of sharks in the neighborhood, and we determined to make a bold bid that evening for a good sized member of this unprepossessing tribe. So we put out from the stern of the yacht a couple of very strong lines with large steel hooks attractively baited. The whole crew had got wind of the ten cents a pound offer, and those lines over the stern were glanced at from time to time by many a pair of eager eyes. It was noticed that X. did not perform on the pianola that evening ; that Y. gave up developing photographs ; and that Z. omitted his usual after-dinner game of solitaire. The crew wanted the money for the money's sake ; the rest of us wanted the fun of making the donor pay heavily for his rash offer.

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

Suddenly a mighty splash was heard off the stern, and in a few seconds the whole population of the yacht—guests, officers and crew—had

THE INSTIGATOR OF THIS COMMOTION

gathered on the after-deck, as though they had been summoned there by a fire-alarm. Every man-jack aboard knew that a shark, weighing perhaps a hundred-weight or two over the prescribed fifty pounds, had hooked himself.

The chief officer took command and directed the playing of the line. Two of us rushed for rifles. The fisher of men, who had made the rash offer, put down the sixth volume of his Portuguese novel and paled visibly through his tropical tan and his five days'

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

beard. Thrice the shark was hauled to the surface. Some said he was 15 feet long; some said he was 13 feet; as I hope for salvation, I will again be truthful—I believe he measured about 9 feet 6 inches. The second time he came up, one of the men who had rushed for rifles was there to receive him. Why should I be modest? It was my noble self. A bullet in the neck persuaded the shark to go below again and he nearly took two able seamen with him in his rapid-transit movement downwards. Quite a lot of line was slowly played out, and we began to fear he would take all we had, when he ceased pulling, and we were able gradually to wind him back again. At his third appearance on the surface, he received two more bullets from the Winchester of the rifleman aforesaid, the second of which drew a spurt of blood. Then came dire catastrophe. The last shot had just made its mark, when the crack of another gun split my right eardrum and I felt a cold rifle-barrel on my right cheek. The valiant Q. (I won't give him away altogether) had arrived with

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

his fear-inspiring 38 calibre, and leaning its barrel confidently on my shoulder, had sent *his* bullet, too, to do its billet. The billet of that bullet and the undesired blowing-off of my right ear came very nearly being one and the same thing. At that instant the line in the hands of the able seamen parted, and the shark disappeared with the short end of it. A howl of rage and despair went up from forty throats, and imprecations deep and loud were flung at the valiant Q. He was accused of having missed the shark and cut the line with his bullet! Poor Q.! his life was not worth living for the next day or two. Personally, I don't believe he was guilty of the crime of which he was accused. As a competitor with him for the honor of doing that shark to death, and as one utterly without prejudice, I am bound to say I am of opinion that Q.'s bullet did not touch the line at all. True, it did not enter the shark's head, for which it was aimed, but I could swear it nevertheless *did* hit the animal, very hard—in the tail! The fact was that the third bullet the shark received, the one

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

that brought blood, tickled him in such a sensitive spot that he gave a violent lunge and twist and simply snapped the line.

While everyone was unjustly villifying Q., I caught a glimpse of the gentleman who had offered the prize-money. He was doubled up in a very convulsion of diabolical merriment. He was having the time of his life—that is to say, one of the times of his life. (He has had others, being built that way.)

We set more lines, thick rope lines, that night, and in the small hours of the morning another big shark hooked himself. Two of the watch played him for a minute or two, but he snapped the copper wire with which the hook was fastened to the line and went off, doubtless with the bait pinned to the lining of his alimentary canal. Thus vanished our hopes of catching a fifty-pound fish in the sunny waters of the Dry Tortugas. “Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher—.”

HAVANA

LEAVING the Dry Tortugas soon after daylight, we ran across to Havana, arriving in the early afternoon. Here we spent two very enjoyable days. For the first time in nine or ten weeks, we felt that we were in the rush and swirl of an active, important, prosperous, luxurious, commercial city, and that we were again in very close touch with the United States.

I will not attempt to describe a city which has been so often depicted in recent years. It is enough here to say that Havana, with its fine squares and avenues, its picturesque old buildings and fine modern business edifices and villas,

HAVANA, CUBA

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

its magnificent shops and their fascinating displays of rich and beautiful things, its extensive land-locked harbor, its suave, sunny, balmy, tonic atmosphere, and its attractive drive round

THE PLAZA DE ARMA, HAVANA

the sea-front—always thronged just before sunset with good-looking types of men and dark-eyed, handsome women on horseback or driving in carriages or open cabs—is an extremely attractive place. The city has the *appearance*, at any rate, of almost perfect cleanliness. Americans are encountered at every turn, and the

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

American influence is manifest in the whole life of the community.

Cuba certainly has a great future before it, and Havana is destined to become a much-frequented winter resort for well-to-do Americans.

Our host marvelled at the vast changes which had taken place since his last visit to Havana on the *Oneida* at the breaking out of the rebellion, when the Cuban flag and the Cuban bond represented little more than a patriotic sentiment. But now the flag waved at the fore of the yacht and the bonds were at a large premium.

THE PRADO, HAVANA

NASSAU

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BIDDING good-bye to Havana late in the afternoon of January 22d, we had a very pleasant run through calm, clear waters and among pretty coral keys to Nassau, which is the capital and seat of government of the British Bahama Islands, but is better known as a famous American winter resort. Nassau, too, has been so often described and is so well known that I will not say much about its natural beauties. New Providence, the island of which Nassau is the city, is a coral island, like Bermuda, and it has something of the same charm as that happy little land, only the charm of New Providence,

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

I think, is greater. Here there is less agriculture, more wild growth, a richness of vegetation more tropical, an atmosphere more luminous

GRAPE-FRUIT TREES, NASSAU

and caressing, and the incredible coloring of the sea—the light blue and the dark blue streaking the bay so curiously—exercise a con-

tinual beneficent enchantment over the mind. It is good to be alive in Nassau; there, breathing is a joy, walking is a joy, driving is a joy, swimming is a joy, and eating the luscious fruit, that everywhere weighs the branches of the trees literally to the ground, is—well, almost an ecstasy. The gentle, naïve, care-free, happy-go-lucky, cleanly Negroes who make up the bulk of the population are an element in the interest which any visitor with an eye for the picturesque cannot fail to feel for this beautiful little country.

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

Here, only three and a half days from New York, where zero weather was being registered, we went about in the lightest of summer garments, and bathed in the transparent water of

A VILLAGE STREET, NEAR NASSAU

the bay for an hour at a time. Gladly would we have remained in Nassau until overcoat-time in New York was past and done with. But that was three months away, we had already been

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

absent nearly three months, and the imperious summons back to work, back to the daily battle

A CORAL ROAD, NEAR NASSAU

for bread (and honey) was becoming more and more insistent.

Our departure from this, the last port before the home port, was therefore fixed for the forenoon of January 26th. Early that morning, Nassau began to show us what it could do in

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

the way of a gale, and by the time we were ready to weigh anchor, the wind was raging so, and the sea was so tossed, that the pilots had some doubt as to whether they could get us safely out of the harbor. After a conference, however, it was decided that we could get out all right. We made the attempt and succeeded, but we had to climb over some steepish waves to do it.

SHIPPING A WAVE, ON THE WAY
FROM NASSAU

BACK TO "LITTLE OLD NEW YORK"

THEN for a couple of days we had such weather as would make a crew of angels use very frequent and forceful cuss words. Even the Commodore said he didn't like it. Naturally, we expected all sorts of trouble off Cape Hatteras. But, curiously enough, when we got there, the sea was as smooth as—as Standard oil, and it remained so until we reached the packed ice-floes of New York harbor in the small hours of the morning of January 30th.

We had sailed just short of 10,000 miles, and had been absent 76 days.

Leaving the yacht with all one's effects, after she had been our floor and our roof, our bed and our board for so many weeks, was like breaking up one's happy home. But the welcoming embrace of dear relations, the warm hand-clasps of close friends, the brightness and cheer of the big theatres, the new volumes at the book-stores,

THE HEROINE OF THIS STORY—ON THE DAY OF THE RETURN HOME

TEN THOUSAND MILES IN A YACHT

the freshness of old familiar scenes, the grace of the pretty forms and faces that one encountered everywhere, and the oyster-stews that were waiting for one in the middle Fifth Avenue neighborhood, were compensations not to be despised. The best part of going away is coming back.

O, but it was a great trip!

"I hear you went on that Amazon cruise," said a sportsman acquaintance of mine soon after our return.

I admitted the soft impeachment.

"Lucky dog!" he commented. "Why, that was a thousand to one chance!"

He was right. That's about what it was.

Not one, I think, of the ten guests who accompanied Commodore Benedict over those ten thousand miles, has any lively hope of ever being able to set out on a more interesting, a more uncommon, or a more wonderful voyage.

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